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THE HEREFORD MAP AND THE LEGEND
OF ST. BRANDAN.

A LECTURE DELIVERED BEFORE THE AMERICAN GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY, MARCH 14, 1892,

BY

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Mr. President and Members of the American Geographical Society :

History should give us not only the narrative of the rise and fall of empires ; not only the story of the material events which have marked the progress of the human race ; not only the story of the outward change and growth of civilizations. It should also tell us of the processes through which the human mind has passed to arrive at its present state of knowledge and modes of thought. It should give us the narrative of the changes of ideas and the growth of knowledge among men. There is, then, a history for every science. And one who would be well instructed in any

science needs to study that history, and to trace the growth and progress of that science from its beginnings.

"Geography," says the Marquis de Santarem in the introduction to his *History of the Cosmography and Cartography of the Middle Ages*, "Geography is that one of all the sciences which best shows by what a long journey the human mind has issued from the darkness of uncertainty, and arrived at knowledge that is extended and positive."

And yet the history of that long journey is very little known. People are satisfied with some knowledge of the present condition of geography. Our teachers pay little or no attention to its history. I have not been able to find (although I have not made an exhaustive search) any academy or any college in our land which has given a place in its curriculum to the history of geography. If our students, on issuing from college, have any knowledge of it, it has been but incidentally picked up. And our men of learning and literature have done but little work as yet in this large and interesting field of history.

One great fact in the history of geography, viz., the discovery of our continent, and the enormous outburst of geographical knowledge which followed it, has passed into common knowledge. Men generally know that the beginning of the sixteenth century was the beginning of modern geography. But that was by no means the only epoch of importance in geographical history. Going back two centuries farther, to about the year 1300, we find a period in which also geographical knowledge made great advances. In the year 1295

Marco Polo, who has been called the Humboldt of the Middle Ages, returned from the Far East to Venice. And three years later, while a prisoner to the Genoese, he dictated the narrative of his travels and the account of the countries which he had visited himself, and of those of which he had learned, in Eastern Asia. It is an interesting fact that the knowledge of the Eastern World which he had gathered should have been garnered at Genoa, the same city from which, two centuries later, Columbus made his way, to bring back, after long travels, the knowledge of the Western World.

The information which Marco Polo thus brought back to Western Europe had a most powerful influence upon geographical knowledge. M. de St. Martin, in his *History of Geography*, says that "his narrative opens for Asia the era of modern geography"; and with enthusiasm he exclaims, "On the front of the temple which Science raises to the geographical history of the earth, the name of Marco Polo will always shine near that of Christopher Columbus, among the most illustrious names of the great explorers of the world."

If, then, we could go back to the year 1300, we should stand upon the eve of an important epoch. And if, by the aid of some spiritual phonograph, I could reproduce for you, on this platform, the discourse of some learned geographer of that date, would you not be interested to compare his learning with the learning of the present day, or rather to see how far the learning of that day was inferior even to the universal knowledge of the present time?

Something like this I can do for you. I cannot make the old geographer speak to your ears, but by the aid of photography I can present his very work to your eyes, in bringing before you the representation of the Map of the World of Hereford.

This map, which De Santarem speaks of as "one of the remarkable monuments of the geography of the last centuries of the Middle Ages, both for its size and its numerous legends," and to the description of which he devotes 146 pages of his history, is preserved in the cathedral at Hereford in England. I made a pilgrimage to that pleasant town for the express purpose of seeing that map, and spent some time in the cathedral which contains it. I was able not only to examine the original map for a little while, but to procure a photograph of it, and also one of the few remaining copies of a lithographic fac-simile which was made some years ago. And by the aid of them and of a monograph on the map by Rev. W. S. Bevan and Rev. H. W. Phillot, published in 1874, I have been able to prepare this description.

This map is not only interesting in itself. It is of more interest to us because it is English and dates from the period when English literature had its beginning. Made somewhere from 1275 to 1320 and therefore not much before the birth of Chaucer in 1328, we can gain from the study of it some knowledge as to what was the character of the soil out of which the plant of our English literature was soon to spring.

The map was made on one skin of parchment, five feet five inches in length, by four feet five inches in breadth, on which the map itself is drawn, not in an



PLATE 1.



oval, as some writers have said, but in a circle with a diameter of four feet four inches. The parchment was stretched on an oak frame. Different colors were used in it, black being the principal, but the rivers are a deep blue, the Red Sea is red and other seas are brown.

The language of the various inscriptions in the map itself is Latin, but in the border are some Norman-French inscriptions. The border itself deserves a brief notice. At the top of the map (Plate 1) is a picture of the Day of Judgment. In the centre above sits the figure of the Saviour as judge. At his feet stands the Virgin Mary who, displaying her bosom, says to Christ :

“ Regard! My Son! the flesh of which thou’rt made !
Behold the breasts on which thou once wast laid!
Pity all those, as thou thyself hast said,
Who have served me, whom Saviouress thou hast made.”

Angels hold a crown ready to place it on her head. Below at Christ’s right rise the just, and at the left a body of the unjust are dragged in a chain by a single devil towards the mouth of a gigantic devil’s head.

In addition to this picture of the Last Judgment, the author placed in the centre of the four sides the letters M O R S. He thus reminded beholders that death prevailed in every corner of the earth and that after death was the judgment.

In the margin are inscriptions that “The orb of the earth began to be surveyed by Julius Caesar,” and naming the surveyors of the East, the North and West, and the South. In the lower left hand corner is a picture of the emperor sending forth the three commissioners by warrant under the seal of, not Julius, but Augustus Caesar.

The author evidently signs his name in the inscription which is there also found. "All who either hear or read or see this story, pray to Jesus in Deity to have pity on Richard de Haldingham and de Lafford, who made and pictured it, that joy in heaven be given him."

That the author should have surrounded his geographical work with these suggestions of religious thought was appropriate, for he was an ecclesiastic, and as such had a connection with the Cathedral of Hereford, to which fact we doubtless owe the preservation of this perishable work of his through revolution and siege, through change of dynasty and religion, and all the vicissitudes of nearly six hundred years.

In the right-hand corner of the map is represented a gentleman going forth to the hunt, followed by a page leading a greyhound. It may be suggested that this was intended for the author himself. Certainly there was no inconsistency in those days between a passion for the hunt and the exercise of ecclesiastical functions. And it is a curious coincidence at least, that in the Household Roll of Bishop Swinfield of Hereford there is mentioned a present, made to the Bishop by the maker of this map, not inappropriate to this representation of him, the present, viz., of a haunch of venison.

In this right-hand corner is set forth also the principal authority relied upon by Richard de Haldingham in making the map. For here he gives its title as follows :

"Orosius' Description, from the *Ormesta Mundi*, as is shown within."

Orosius was a writer of the fifth century, whose "*Ormesta Mundi*," or Description of the World, was

translated by King Alfred. And that that work should have furnished the material for this map shows that, from the time of Alfred, that is, for more than four hundred years, there had been substantially no advance in geographical knowledge, in England, and that the advance of the next three hundred years was sudden as well as immense.

In the margin of the map are also set forth the names and characters of the winds. And the fact that there are given but twelve, shows that we are carried back to a period when the mariner's compass with its thirty-two points was unknown. Britannia's rule of the waves had not yet begun.

The map itself is not only an atlas depicting the shape of lands, seas and rivers. It is also filled with pictures, and with descriptions of the pictures, filling up all parts of it. It needs some care to trace out even those features which are most familiar. We see that Jerusalem is depicted as being in the centre of the earth, and that the top of the map is east, where is placed a representation of the earthly Paradise. In these respects the map agrees with the greater number of early maps which are extant. Opposite to Paradise in the east we find the Pillars of Hercules in the west; and we therefore recognize the Mediterranean Sea, of which I have had a special picture made. But its shape is strange, and stranger yet the number of islands with which the author has sprinkled its whole surface. Some of them we can recognize. There is three-cornered Sicily, with Etna in flames. There is Crete, plainly to be recognized by its representation of the ancient labyrinth. And here is also the whirlpool

of Charybdis and the opposing monster head of Scylla, which are properly placed as being between Italy and Sicily, but are quite too far apart to appropriately represent the Virgilian line.

Between Crete and Italy is the title *Mare Leonum*, the Sea of Lions, which, Bevan thinks, refers to the Gulf of Lyons. If so, it is strangely misplaced. But that is a small blunder compared with others.

Near by is depicted a fish to which the name is given of the Soldier of the Sea, which, Bevan thinks, is intended to represent the sword-fish. If so, it must be a very extraordinary species, for he seems to have a sword which he can unship and take under his fin, where it is represented.

Still farther west is portrayed very fairly a mermaid with a glass in one hand and the end of her tail instead of a comb in the other.

And then the sea turns northwards, and we find the names of the Hellespont, the Bosphorus and the Euxine, but without any approach to accuracy in shape.

The Adriatic is fairly well laid out, but Italy is drawn as stretching towards the east instead of the south. The Alps run in a curve to the north-east, and there is a trace of the Apennines, while farther westward the Pyrenees are portrayed as running, instead of east and west, nearly north from the Mediterranean to the mouth of the English Channel, where we find another monster Scylla, representing the Scilly Islands.

England, Scotland and Ireland are remarkably inaccurate. Scotland is represented as an island by itself; and Ireland is cut in two by a river called the *Bande*, probably the Boyne.

The North Sea is laid down as a narrow strait. Of the Baltic Sea, and the great Arctic peninsula of Europe there is hardly a trace. And farther east the Caspian is depicted as joining on to the Northern Ocean, in the shape of a stocking.

Passing around to the east we find not a trace of all that immense extent of Asia to the north and east, the marvels of which had been so recently brought back by Marco Polo, that nothing of them had reached the ears of Richard de Haldingham. The extreme north-eastern limit of his map he carried but a little way beyond the City of Samarcand, beyond which Asia, in fact, stretched more than thirty degrees to the north, and more than one hundred degrees to the east. And from Samarcand round to the Red Sea he occupied the whole region with India. This is one of the few regions whose names are placed on the map, its name extending all along the eastern side. And in India we find very little that can be recognized. The names of the two great Indian rivers, the Ganges and the Indus, were known to de Haldingham, but he depicts them as running almost at right angles with each other, the Ganges running almost east to its mouth, in which it encloses an enormous island, with an inscription saying that its king has four thousand cavalry and eighty thousand foot soldiers.

South of India is depicted a scarlet water, between the two legs of which we find Arabia Deserta, so that we know from this, as from the color, that by one or both is intended the Red Sea. But right below the point of Arabia is depicted a large island, in one end of which are painted two dragons, and on the other this

inscription : " The Island of Taphana, lying near India to the south-east, from which the Indian Ocean begins. It has in the year two summers and two winters, and twice blooms with flowers. The farther part is full of elephants and dragons ; and it has twelve cities."

In this name Taphana can be recognized Taprobana, the ancient name of Ceylon ; but by its being placed off the point of Arabia instead of Hindustan, we see that the author had no idea whatever of the great Indian Peninsula.

South of Africa, although the map was made nearly two hundred years before the voyage of Vasco da Gama, the ocean is depicted as making an open way of navigation from the Red Sea to the Atlantic. Nor is this a mere accident, for south of Africa is placed an island called Malichu, whose distance from Drepanum, at the mouth of the Red Sea, is given, with the remark that this shows "that the whole shore can be navigated, because in that way only could it have been measured."

And between this island and the Straits of Gibraltar are placed various islands, known and unknown, the Island of Syrens, the Canary Islands and the Fortunate Isles, or Isles of St. Brandan, of which I shall speak farther. The maker of this map, therefore, understood that Europe, Asia and Africa were surrounded by the ocean. But of the extent of those three great divisions, he had, as we see, no accurate idea.

Even of Europe to the north he knew little. Of the great Scandinavian Peninsula he has depicted only some small islands ; and the extent of the continent north of the Black Sea is about the same as from the

Black Sea to the Mediterranean, so that he carries the Northern Ocean as far south as the Caspian.

So of Africa, nothing is given except the countries on the south shore of the Mediterranean. Manifestly nothing was known of it even as far south as the Desert of Sahara. Ranges of mountains are described as stretching clear across from east to west, south of which is depicted a long stretch of water, having no connection with either river or ocean, but ending both east and west in a wider expansion; and this is called the River Nile. Pomponius Mela described such a water as being the source of the Nile. And farther south to the ocean is only a narrow space of land inhabited by the monstrous nations with which antiquity always peopled unknown regions.

Of the Egyptian Nile he gives no accurate picture. He depicts it as having its source far in the east, near the mouth of the Red Sea. The Nile was understood in early days to be one of the rivers which flowed from Paradise, and its source must, therefore, of necessity be carried as far east as possible, whence, as you see, it runs west, till by a turn at right angles to the north it is brought properly into the Mediterranean. In its course are depicted two large islands, the lower called Babylonia and the upper Meroe, on which is the representation of a crocodile, astride of which rides some ancient Captain Waterton, with an axe in his hand.

Where the outlines of continents are so distorted and out of place as these, it would be too much to expect any accuracy in the details of the natural features. Thus, while we find some of the great rivers, the Nile, the Ganges, the Indus, the Danube, and the

Rhine, they all flow, except the Rhine, in wrong directions, while the river Tweed is represented as making a channel from sea to sea, and making Scotland an island by itself.

So of the mountain ranges. The Pyrenees run north and south, the Apennines run across Italy instead of lengthwise of it, and the Alps form a narrow chain between the Mediterranean and the head of the Adriatic. In Wales we find Snawdon; and the Highlands are depicted in the north of Scotland; but a little hill, called Clee Hill, in Shropshire, is the only mountain of all England that appears on the map. The Malvern Hills, the Cheviots, the Cumberland Mountains, Helvellyn, Skiddaw and their companions are none of them to be found. In fact one of the most extraordinary things about the map is the little it shows of England itself. There is no correct representation of the shape or relative size of Great Britain and Ireland, and no idea of the shape of the seas which surround England; and, in fact, the North Sea is reduced to a channel no wider than the Straits of Dover. There is no accurate representation of rivers or mountains, and the names of places in their Latin and ancient forms sound strangely unfamiliar. *Londona*, we should expect, and *Edenburg*. *Eboracum* for York is good Latin. But we find *Dovu* for Dover, *Divilin* for Dublin, *Scovesviri* for Shrewsbury, and *Snotingham* for Nottingham.

Interesting as this map is from a purely geographical point of view, there are other features of it which have quite an equal, though a different interest. I refer to the pictorial, the natural-historical, the legendary parts of it. In respect to them, this work of de Halding-

ham's differed greatly from the works of all his predecessors. He made his map something more than a representation of geographic forms. He filled its blank spaces with pictures and remarks descriptive of them. How much it differed from previous works in this respect may be seen by this fact, which De Santarem states, that on forty maps of the world, made between the sixth and fourteenth centuries, which have come down to us, there are to be found only 40 inscriptions in all, while on this map alone there are 159.

Let us then look at some of these features of this map, for from them we can form an idea of the knowledge of the time on many points of science and history.

The small space given to Great Britain left little room for pictures of either its plants or animals. But Europe has almost none also. It is only when we come to the unknown regions of Asia and Africa, the lands which were then lands of mystery and fable, that we find spaces filled with pictures of plants and animals, most of them known only in fable and by legends as fabulous.

In the south of Europe (see plate 2) is depicted a wild ox, to which is given the name of Buglossa ; which curiously enough is the name of a plant, the Bugloss or ox-tongue. And in the north of Europe is fairly represented a bear, which is appropriate enough, but close by, and even farther north, is depicted a monkey, which is entirely out of place. I suspect that the low stature and wild habits of the Laplanders may have led to the idea of a northern land inhabited by apes.

An examination of some of the pictures on the map, to which inscriptions are attached, will show what a

strange mixture of fancies was accepted as science in the year 1300.

On plate 1, to the right of and a little below the Caspian Sea, is a picture of the tiger. The legend is added that she is a beast who, when her whelp is captured, runs so fast in pursuit, that even a swift horse could not escape. Whereupon the hunter does escape by throwing a mirror to her.

Do you wonder how a mirror should stop a tiger? The old story was that this mirror was a ball of polished metal in which the tiger, seeing her own image, mistook that for the whelp of which she had been robbed, and so gave over her pursuit.

To the right of the tiger is depicted *the Manticora*. This animal seems to belong to the cat tribe except the head. The following description of it is given: "It is born in India, has three rows of teeth, the face of a man, blue eyes and a ruddy complexion, the body of a lion, the tail of a scorpion and a hissing voice."

The artist has not done full justice to the description of the Manticora, as far as the tail is concerned, but, to make amends, has depicted as it were a crown on his head.

Just below the Manticora is a picture of *Noah's Ark* resting on the mountains of Armenia. At the windows of the Ark appear the heads of Noah and his wife, and of animals and birds. The due proportion can hardly be said to have been preserved between the Ark and the mountains on which it rests.

Above the Manticora is the *Pelican* opening her breast with her beak to give her blood to her young ones, whose nest is placed on the top of a tree.

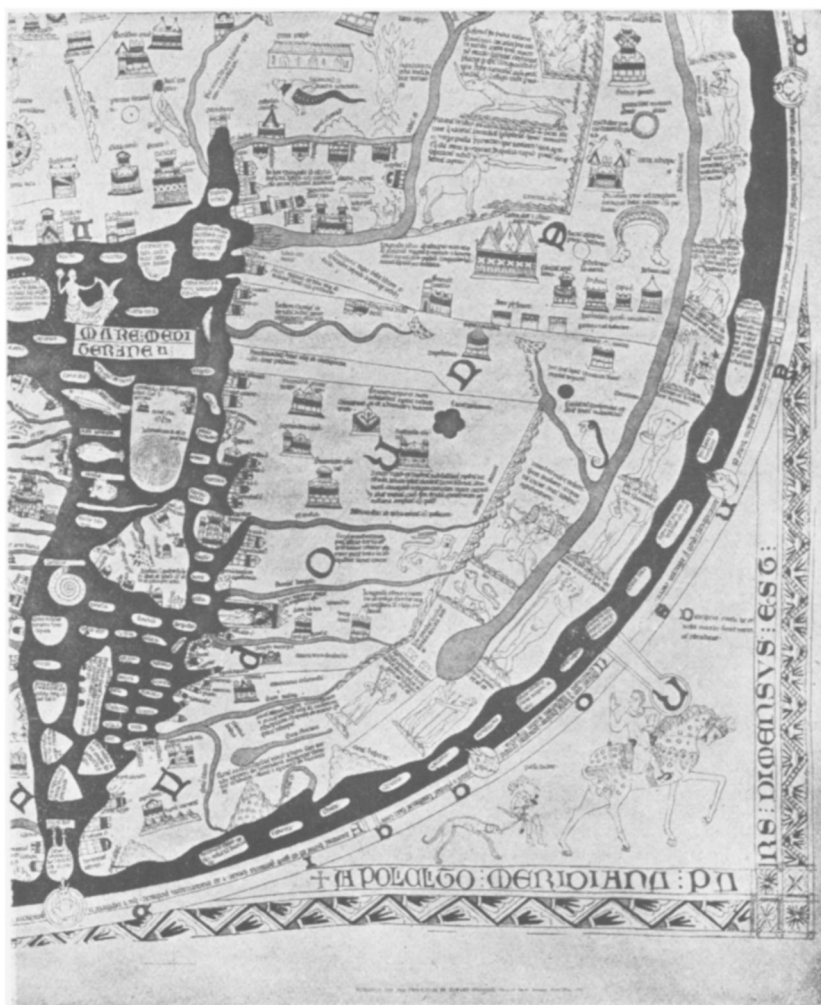


PLATE 2.

Near the tree is one of the nation of *The Cicones*, a people whose bodies were human, but with heads of storks, from which they received their name. His mouth, as you see, is always ready to receive anything good.

The *Camel*, on the other side of the pelican's tree, is quite accurately represented.

Above the camel is the representation of another nation, *the Gangines*, probably so called from their living near the sources of the Ganges. The peculiarity of these people is that they lived only on the perfume of wild apples, and if they smelled a bad smell they died at once.

In the lower left-hand corner of Plate 1 is a representation of *the Gryphon and the Arimasgian*.

You remember Milton's lines, where he tells us that Satan made his progress through chaos,

"As when a gryphon, through the wilderness,
With winged course, o'er hill or moory dale,
Pursues the Arimasgian, who by stealth
Had from his wakeful custody purloined
The guarded gold."

The Gryphons, according to the map, fight with the Arimaspians for emeralds instead of gold. They are described as resembling lions in body, and eagles in head and wings, and as accustomed to carry off an ox in their flight. The Arimasgian in question is depicted as having but one eye in the forehead, according to a legend which is found as early as Herodotus.

Below this picture, at the top of Plate 2, are represented the nation of *The Essedones*, with this inscription: "Here the Scythian Essedones dwell, whose custom it is to follow the deaths of their parents with

songs, and, having collected troops of friends, to feast upon their flesh, mingled with that of their flocks, believing it is more honorable that their parents should be consumed by them than by worms." And elsewhere it is said that the Essedones make drinking cups of the skulls of their friends.

In the centre of Plate 1 are pictured two birds with the words, "*The Avalerions*. One pair in the world." This happy pair, as you see, are figured with their backs turned towards each other, one of them roosting on the Dedalian Mountains. The pair of avalerions, according to the old books, lived sixty years and then laid two eggs, on which they sat sixty days and nights. As soon as the young were hatched it was the custom that the parent birds, instead of caring farther for these children of their old age, should fly to the sea, accompanied by a funeral procession of all other birds, where the parent birds proceeded to drown themselves, and the other birds returned and nursed the young avalerions till they could fly.

Above the avalerions are *The Pygmies*—men a cubit high. As you see, they are "Perched on Alps," the *Montes Indiae*, but pygmies still. They seem to have shields for defence, but no means of offensive warfare. And as they were placed in the extreme east, they can hardly have been the progenitors of Mr. Stanley's African pygmies.

On Plate 3, near the top, is pictured *The Rhinoceros*. More slender and gaunt than our idea of the animal. The description is this: "In India lives the rhinoceros whose color is yellowish. One horn upon his nose he uses as a dagger when he fights against elephants.



PLATE 3.

Being equal in length, but with shorter legs, he naturally aims at the belly, which only, he understands, is penetrable by his blows."

There seems to have been no change in the mode of warfare between these animals in the last six hundred years. It is curious that elsewhere the author gives a picture of an elephant and says that their teeth *are believed* to be ivory.

Above the rhinoceros is *The Sphinx*. She is stated to be "A bird in the wing, a snake in the foot and a girl in the face." She is placed near the highest mountains of Ethiopia.

And below the rhinoceros is another horned animal, *The Monoceros*. This animal is stated to be of an extremely susceptible nature. For the legend reads that "Before the Monoceros is placed a virgin, who, as he comes, bares her breast to him, on which he, abandoning all ferocity, lays his head, so that, having gone to sleep, he is taken as defenceless."

Spenser, you remember, portrays a similar effect of beauty upon the lion.

"Soon as the royal Virgin he did spy,
With gaping mouth at her ran greedily,
To have at once devour'd her tender corse.
But to the prey when as he drew more nigh
His bloody rage assuaged with remorse,
And, with the sight amazed, forgot his furious force.

"Instead thereof he kiss'd her weary feet,
And licked her lily hands with fawning tongue,
As he her wronged innocence did weet.
Oh! how can beauty master the most strong!"

This power of beauty not only masters the monoceros, but brings upon him sleep and captivity. He is to be classed among the Samsons of the world.

On Plate 1, at the bottom, to the right, is yet another curious horned animal, *The Eale*.

"The Eale lives in India, has the body of a horse and the tail of an elephant. His color is black, and he has the head of a goat, with horns more than a cubit long, which are not fixed but movable according to the exigency of battle. And when he fights with one he bends the other back."

The artist intended to depict him with one of his back-action horns turned away from the battle. But it needs the legend to give the idea.

On Plate 2, to the left of the rhinoceros, are represented *the Salamander*, "a venomous dragon" with a red body and tail, and *the Mandrake*, which is stated to be "an herb of wonderful virtue."

With such an idea of the mandrake as is here depicted, we can understand how Shakespeare should make Juliet speak of

"Shrieks, like mandrakes torn out of the earth,
That living mortals, hearing them, run mad."

Such was the legend of the mandrake. But, as it was an herb of wonderful virtue against poisons, it must be had. So they tied a dog to the stalk and made him pull it up; and thus made the dog run the risk of being driven mad by the mandrake's shriek.

Above the salamander is a representation of a building which one would hardly recognize as one of the pyramids. The pyramids in those days were called Joseph's Granaries. Sir John Mandeville, writing about 1350, says: "Beyond Babylon, above the flood of Nile, towards the desert between Africa and Egypt, are the garners of Joseph that he caused to be made

for to keep the grain for the peril of the dear years. And they are made of stone, full-well made by mason's craft. Of which two are marvellously great and high, and the others are not so great. And every garner hath a gate for to enter within, a little high from the earth, for the land is wasted and fallen since the garners were made. And within they are all full of serpents. And above the garners without are many writings of divers languages. And some men say that they are the tombs of great lords that sometime were. But that is not true, for all the common speech of all the people there, both far and near, is that they are the garners of Joseph."

It is plain that our map-maker had no knowledge of them except of their existence; and he has depicted the form, not of a pyramid, but probably of the granaries which he had seen in England.

Near Joseph's Granary is placed the city of Ramesse (see Plate 1), with the inscription, "Here the congregation of the people of Israel in Ramesse departed from Egypt on the day after the Passover."

And from this point is drawn their line of march through the broadly divided Red Sea into the wilderness, where there is depicted on one side Mount Sinai with Moses receiving the tables of the law from a hand coming out of a cloud, while on the other side is represented a deputation of Jews, whose clasped hands indicate that they are adoring the golden calf represented as squatting on the top of an altar. Thence the line of march goes on, represents by some convolutions the forty years' wandering in the desert, and then leads round the Dead Sea, in whose blue wa-

ters the cities of Sodom and Gomorrha are to be seen, past Lot's wife, who stands with her head sorrowfully turned towards her former home, past the land of the Marsok, who is spoken of as a "transmuted beast" (whatever that may be—we have no knowledge about him) across the River Jordan to Jericho.

In the outlying regions of Africa are depicted various monstrous races (see Plates 1 and 3).

The Monoculi or Scinopodes, a race with one leg, which by the change of the letter *o* to *u* became a race with one eye also. The inscription shows that they are wonderfully swift and shade themselves from the sun with one foot, thus making the best use of their slender advantages.

Next is the figure of one of the Satirii. The inscription is so defaced that our knowledge of him is confined to his portrait.

Next come the Ambari, a race without ears and their feet pointing backwards.

The men of lip, their under lip long enough to shade their face from the sun.

The Himantopcdes, who rather creep on all fours than walk.

The Psylli, of whom it is stated that they try the chastity of their wives by throwing the new-born children to serpents. But how the truth is made manifest we are not informed.

The Blemyae, whose mouth and eyes were in their breast.

Here is also a picture of one of the most terrible animals known to antiquity, viz., *the Basilisk*. It was stated to be the king of all serpents. Its presence was

poisonous to all animals. It killed birds by a look and trees by its touch. It had the head of a fowl, and is described as half a foot long, spotted with white marks and wearing a crown.

It does not speak much for the imagination of our map-maker that he has represented such a dreadful animal in this peaceful, pot-bellied figure. Think what a figure the genius of Doré would have portrayed instead !

For the Holy Land, all three plates must be examined. In the centre is the City of Jerusalem—a round fortress with towers. Outside of it is the figure of Christ upon the cross with the title Nazareth, below which is marked Calvary and above Olivet. Other mountains are depicted—Gilboa, Gerizim and Ebal, Carmel and Tabor and Libanus.

There has been an attempt to make out boundaries for the various tribes, but it was only partially carried out and was an utter failure as far as it went.

The Jordan is given with the Dead Sea and the Sea of Galilee, and east of it is marked Decapolis, with the representation of the ten cities. Other cities also are marked, Bethlehem, Askelon.

But the whole representation is rude in the extreme. There is neither proportion nor accuracy.

And at the top of the map, at the extreme east (see Plate 1), is the representation of Paradise, which in most of the maps of the early days occupied the eastern region of the world. It is a round wall, with fire coming from the top—the four rivers and Adam and Eve. Outside of it is also represented the expulsion of Adam and Eve by the angel—and near by two figures called

giants, for "there were giants in those days." These giants, however, are no larger than Adam and Eve.

Close by them you see a sort of a tree with the words "The tree of balsam, *i. e.*, the Dry Tree."

This refers to the noted legend of the Dry Tree, a famous tree standing without leaves in an immense plain. Marco Polo speaks of the tree, but our Hereford monk could hardly have had any knowledge of Marco Polo. Sir John Mandeville tells the legend in this form. He says: "They say that it hath been there since the beginning of the world and was sometime green, and bore leaves until the time that our Lord died on the tree, and then it died; and so did all the trees that were in the world."

Mandeville's Dry Tree was in Palestine, while our map puts it in the far East. But a legend by its nature is light as thistle down. You may find the same legend in the four corners of the globe, although you may not be able to determine where it had its origin, or by what "viewless currents of the air" it has been scattered abroad.

I have shown you thus far only parts of the map. Before showing you the picture of it as a whole I wish to give you some pictures of earlier maps, that you may compare the work of Richard de Haldingham with that of some of his predecessors.

Here, for instance, is another Anglo-Saxon map found in a manuscript of the tenth century in the British Museum, in which the world is depicted as square.

And here is the map of the learned Arab, Edrisi, in the twelfth century, more nearly accurate as to the

Mediterranean and as to south-eastern Asia, and as to the extent of Africa, which, however, is carried so far east as to make the Indian Ocean an inland sea.

Here is Hygden's map, also in a manuscript in the British Museum, of about 1360, a little later than the Hereford map, in which the earth is depicted in an oval form, but otherwise resembling in its geographical features the work of de Haldingham. He, as you see, made the world circular.

There is one curious blunder in his map, which can hardly be charged to ignorance on the part of the author. The cause of it can only be imagined. But I fancy that Richard de Haldingham found among his monks one who, from long practice in copying or illuminating manuscripts, had gained skill in making capital letters in colors; and that he concluded, after the map was completed, to have this scribe put upon it in gold letters the names of the three divisions of the earth, Asia, Europe and Africa, with India at the extreme east; and that having given him proper directions, he left him to his task, while he himself went to attend to more important matters. And I can fancy his vexation, when, coming to look at the result, on being informed that the work was done, he found that the scribe, utterly ignorant and mistaking the right hand for the left, had transposed the names of Europe and Africa, putting the former south and the latter north of the Mediterranean. But the blunder was done and could not be corrected. It remains one of the greatest misnomers on record. And that it could have been made at all is certainly a most striking proof of the utter lack of geographical knowledge six hundred years ago.

Of that wandering of legends of which I spoke, a curious instance is brought to our attention by this map, one which is connected with what was for hundreds of years a prominent geographical problem, and which led to a search almost as persistent as that for the North-west Passage.

Along the coast of Africa upon this map (see Plate 3) are placed several islands. Upon the largest and most northern of these are placed the words :

“Fortunate Islands. There are six. The Islands of St. Brandan.”

St. Brandan's Isle has at last been relegated to the domain of Poetry and Legend.

But the existence of an island in that region called after St. Brandan was firmly believed in for centuries. I have not found that it was represented on any map of the world of an earlier date than the Hereford map. It is sixty years earlier than the earliest map mentioned as showing it by Winsor in his *Early History of America*. But on this map, no more doubt is expressed about it than about Great Britain or Ireland. And for more than four hundred years after this map was made, the belief was general that, somewhere not far west of the Canary Islands, existed an island of supernatural beauty and wonder; a miraculous island, a land occupied by a saintly Christian people, where the ills of human life were not to be found, but the life of Paradise was awaiting those who should be able to reach the island. The difficulty was to find it. Voyagers on those seas came back with stories of having seen its glories in the distance, and then of being driven away from it by tempests. Its distant shores were declared

to have been plainly seen oftentimes from the lofty points of the Canary Islands. Yet those who sought for it never found it. It came to be believed that it was an island which had the miraculous power of appearing and disappearing. Serious investigations were made, at which more witnesses were produced who had themselves beheld it, than have ever been produced to prove the existence of the Sea Serpent.

It was seriously sought for, and the story of the search for the enchanted isle is like that of the search for the Fountain of Youth.

No less than four different expeditions were sent out to discover it. The first one, which went out from Spain in 1526, was shortly after the treaty called the Peace of Eyora, made between Spain and Portugal in 1519, in which Portugal ceded to Spain all her rights in the Canary Islands; and it is said that those were stated as including the Isle of St. Brandan, which is spoken of as "undiscovered."

The failure of that expedition of 1526 to find any trace of it, and the similar failure of two other expeditions which followed it, was not, however, sufficient to destroy the belief in its existence. And as time went on, other marvellous legends became mingled with this one. There was a legend that when Spain was overrun by the Moors, Christian exiles, with seven bishops at their head, fled over the Western waters, and, being driven upon an island, burned their ships and founded there seven cities, from which it received the name of the Island of Seven Cities. (You may remember Irving's tale called "The Adelantado of the Seven Cities.") There was a legend that an Infanta of Spain

who fell in one of the battles with the Moors, had taken refuge in a western island and would thence return. All these legends, mingled together in the popular belief, and being joined with the falsehoods of navigators who pretended to have seen distant island shores, and with the fancies of those who, deceived by some mirage, thought they discovered this island from the lofty points of the Canary Islands, gave firmness and consistency to the tale. And how firmly established was the belief in its existence in Columbus' day may be seen by its appearance upon the famous globe by Martin Behaim at Nuremberg, in 1492. Behaim was a famous cosmographer and navigator of that time, was in the service of Portugal, and had commanded one expedition of discovery on the west coast of Africa ; and as you may see, he, without any hesitation, depicts the island of St. Brandan west of the Canaries, with this inscription in German :

“ In the year 565, after Christ's birth, St. Brandan, with his ship, came to this island. He there saw many wonders, and after seven years he came again to his own land.”

As the years went by the stubborn fact that no navigator had been able to set foot upon its shores began to shake, but could not overthrow, the belief in its existence. In 1672 a Jesuit, Father Viera y Clavijo, published, in Madrid, a history of the Canary Islands, thirty pages of which he occupied with a discussion of the question whether St. Brandan's Isle existed or not. He argued the question on both sides ; set forth many statements of those who averred that they had seen it, and argued that the failure of others to find it might

be due to that habit, indulged in by the island, of appearing and disappearing when it chose. Among other arguments in favor of the existence of the island he cited numerous authorities. He claimed that early Greek geographers had known and spoken of it, and that it was referred to in mythology in the legend of the daughters of Atlas, who were transformed into the seven stars called Pleiades. "This," said he, "must mean our seven islands (*i. e.*, the Canaries), which have always been considered as a continuation of Mt. Atlas. And when they say that one of these stars is seen with difficulty or eclipsed, it appears that mythology *knew the habit of St. Brandan's Island.*"

But Viera does not seem to have entirely satisfied even himself, for he closes the discussion by saying: "The impartial reader is at liberty to judge for himself, and take which side he pleases, if the matter appears to be one in which there is any certainty to take."

The belief in St. Brandan's Isle was not entirely given up as late as 1721; for in that year a vessel was sent out from the Canaries by the governor, which searched for months for the island in vain. And even so high an authority as Malte-Brun, at the beginning of this century, in describing the Western African Islands, wrote as follows: "West of the Canaries, a tradition very wide-spread, but very obscure, places an island named St. Brandan or St. Borondon. It is pretended even that it was visible from the shores of the Isle of Palma. These traditions may have for foundation one of those optical illusions by which the image of a sea coast is repeated in the clouds. Perhaps, also, some submarine volcano, existing west of the Canaries, make

the walls of its crater by turns appear and disappear."

As I have said, at the time of Columbus the belief in the existence of St. Brandan's Island was firmly held. This belief is credited with having had a decided influence upon the mind of Columbus itself. As he looked westward out upon the Atlantic, his knowledge found its western limit at the Canary Islands. If he believed that west of them he might find the Isle of St. Brandan before reaching the distant shores of Cipango, such a possible stopping place would have made the difficulties of his long western voyage less insuperable. His son Fernando, in writing of the inducements to the voyage which ruled his father's mind, speaks of the fables of islands claimed to have been seen, especially of a tale by one Anthony Leme of an island seen by him, in a western longitude, which, however, Columbus' accurate knowledge of navigation showed him Leme could not have reached. He then speaks of the ancient fable of the Greeks about islands of rock *so spongy and light as to float upon the sea*, and says: "Were it never so true that the said Anthony Leme had seen some island, the Admiral was of the opinion that it could be no other than one of the above mentioned, as it is presumed may have been those called the Islands of St. Brandan, where many wonders are reported to have been seen."

If this be correct, it is plain that Columbus gave no such credence to the alleged existence of St. Brandan's Isle, as did Martin Behaim.

How the name of St. Brandan came to be applied to a supposed island near the Canary Islands (as you see it had already been when this map was made) it is im-

possible to ascertain with certainty. My own opinion is that the similarity of some features in the legend of St. Brandan, with some of the features of the still earlier Greek legend of the Fortunate Islands, which had been long connected with the region of the Canary Islands, was sufficient to lead to this transfer of the name.* This is indicated by the fact that both names are found in the inscription upon this map, which you will recollect reads, "The Fortunate Islands. There are six. The Islands of St. Brandan."

It is a curious thing that we find this old legend, which thus for centuries helped to strengthen the belief in the fabulous island west of the Canaries, used nowadays to diminish the fame of Columbus, as the discoverer of our Continent

Not long ago I saw a newspaper item which stated, on the alleged authority of our State Librarian, that a gentleman of this city had discovered in the National Library in Paris a manuscript of St. Brandan, "which," said the item, "seems to prove that a party of priests discovered this country some eight hundred years before Columbus."

And yet more recently I saw in the "Omniscience Column" of one of our daily newspapers an answer to the inquiry, "Who was the earliest discoverer of America, if not Columbus?" in which it was said that "St. Brandan, who is said to have flourished in Ireland in the sixth century, is said to have landed at some unidentified place on this continent."

I do not suppose that we ought to be surprised at

* I have found that this surmise of mine has the authority of Humboldt to support it.

any erroneous or ignorant statement on any historical question which may find its way into the columns of our newspapers. But I confess that it was with surprise that I found a remark, apparently to a similar effect, in so valuable a work as the "Life of Columbus," published in Italy, in 1885, by Prof. Francesco Tarducci, a translation of which, by Henry T. Brownson, of Detroit, was published in 1890. In that work the learned author, though he speaks of "the geographical illusion known by the name of St. Brandan's Island," yet, when speaking of those who claim an earlier discovery of the continent than that of Columbus, refers to the voyages of the Northmen, and then adds, "Further inquiry seems rather to prove that white men had reached the shores of the New World before the Normans, *and they were the Irish priests, who went to preach the Gospel,*" which, however intended, might be understood to refer to this legend of St. Brandan.*

I do not see how the statement that St. Brandan ever reached this country could be made by any one who had ever read the legend of St. Brandan itself. It is a legend which is not very familiarly known, and I have thought that a short abstract of it might, perhaps, interest you, and enable you to estimate it at its true weight, if you ever hear it cited as an authority on any geographical question whatever, and especially as a

* I wrote to Prof. Tarducci to ask if he referred in this sentence to St. Brandan's voyage. He answered that he did not. He referred me as authority for his statement to Rafn's "Antiquitates Americanæ," especially the "Mémoire sur la découverte de l'Amérique au X Siècle, Copenhague, 1845," and also to "De Gravier's Découverte de l'Amérique par les Normands au X Siècle, Paris, 1874." I have examined both these authorities, but find nothing in them which warrants the conclusion that the Irish priests went west of Iceland at the farthest.

reason for detracting from the fame of Columbus as the discoverer of America.

Let me premise by saying that the life of St. Brandan is found in the Bollandist Collection of the *Acta Sanctorum*, in which he is stated to have been an abbot of note in Ireland in the sixth century. But the story of this voyage of his, which is not found earlier than the eleventh century, is excluded from the Bollandist life as incredible. And what was incredible to the Bollandist fathers, this present day can hardly be expected to put faith in.

There are, besides many variations, two forms of the legend, or rather two different legends closely related to each other. The one of them is called "The Legend of St. Brandan," and is the narration of a voyage by that saint. The other appears in the life of St. Maclovius, who was a successor of St. Brandan, and had been a monk under him as abbot.

Of this latter I will say a few words later. But now I speak of the legend of St. Brandan. It appears to have been written in Latin. Its author is not known. Manuscript copies of it are found dating back to the eleventh century, and it made its way into almost all the languages of Europe, where it is found in prose or in the poetical form.

St. Brandan, according to the legend, was a man distinguished for abstinence and virtue, and was abbot of about three thousand monks in Ireland. To him comes one day a certain Barintus and "falls at his feet *with tears*" (the cause of which the legend omits to state), and tells St. Brandan that his son, Mernoc, had wished to retire to a solitary place, and had found a

very delicious island, whither he, Barintus, went to visit him; that one day Mernoc brought him to the sea shore where there lay a little boat, and told him, "Father, get into the boat and we will sail to the westward to an island, which is called the land of promise of the saints." So they got aboard and began to sail, and a thick cloud came about them, and after sailing *about an hour* a great light shone around them and there appeared a land spacious and grassy and very fruitful. So they landed and travelled for fifteen days and could find no end, and on the fifteenth day they found a river running to the eastern shore, and while they were considering whether they should cross it, there came to them a man in great splendor, who called them each by name and said, "Welcome, good brethren! For the Lord has revealed to you this land, which he will give to his saints. Such as you see it, it remains from the beginning of the world. Do you feel the need of food or drink, or have you been oppressed with sleep, or has the night covered you? So you may know that the day is without darkness or shadow; for our Lord Jesus Christ is the light of it. And, if men had not transgressed the commands of God, they would have remained in this land in happiness." Thereupon they left that island and returned to the island which they had left; and there it was made manifest by the fragrance of their clothing that they had been in Paradise.

So St. Brandan determines to go himself to this land of promise of the saints, and he fits out a very light ship for the voyage. This ship is described as "ribbed and timbered with osier, as is the manner of that

region ; and they had covered it with ox hides reddened by oak bark, and they had anointed on the outside all the joinings of the ship, and they had put aboard provisions for forty days, and butter for preparing skins for the covering of the ship, and other things which pertain to the use of human life."

So the legend goes on to tell the adventures of St. Brandan and the seventeen monks who went with him, during the seven years of his expedition, which are filled with all manner of marvels, and with nothing else.

They sail west and they sail east, they sail north and they sail south, and for the most part they sail wherever the wind carries them. There is neither time nor distance nor direction. And everywhere they find an island.

They find one island where there were white sheep, so many that the earth could not be seen for their multitude, and the sheep were bigger than oxen. St. Brandan inquires how the sheep came to be so large, and is told that it is because no one takes the milk of the sheep in that island, and there is no winter, so that the sheep stay all the time in the pastures and thus grow to that size.

From the isle of sheep they are directed to sail to the isle of birds. On their way they stop at an island on which there is neither grass nor wood, and no sand on the beach. The brethren go ashore, but St. Brandan remains on board, knowing what the island was, but saying nothing lest they should be frightened. In the morning they make a fire to cook some meat, whereupon the island begins to move, and in great terror the brethren betake them to their ship, from

which they see the island sink, whereupon St. Brandan tells them that it was no island at all, but a fish, "the first of all that swim in the sea, which is always trying to put his head and tail together, but cannot on account of his length, and his name is Jasconius."

Then they come to the isle of birds, so called because near a fountain they find a great tree covered with white birds. St. Brandan was so perplexed to know what was the secret of the birds that he prays *with tears* that God would reveal it to him (Charles Kingsley speaks of "that lachrymose and somewhat hysterical temperament common among pious monks and held to be a mark of grace," and this temperament St. Brandan has to perfection), whereupon one of the birds flies and lights on the top of the ship's prow, and looks at St. Brandan with a placid look; and when the saint asks him, "If you are a messenger of God, tell me whence these birds, or why this gathering of them is here," the bird replies, "We are from that great ruin of the old enemy. But not by sinning or by consent have we fallen, but predestined by the pity of God; for when we were created, our ruin was bound up with the fall of Satan and his satellites. But Almighty God, who is just and true, in his judgment sent us to this place. We bear no punishment. We cannot see the presence of God, only he has removed us from the fellowship of those who then stood fast. We wander through different parts of this age—of the air and the firmament and the earth, as do the other spirits who are sent. But upon the holy Sabbath days we receive bodies as you see, and by the mercy of God we dwell here and praise our Creator." And then the bird goes

back, and at evening "all the birds begin to sing with one voice, beating their sides with their wings and saying, 'Praise waiteth for thee, O God, in Zion; and to thee shall the vow be performed in Jerusalem by our service.'" And so through the night the birds sing verses from the psalms at the third and sixth and ninth hour. Whereupon St. Brandan, seeing this, gives thanks to God for all his wondrous works. And they stay there eight days and the bird foretells to them where they will go; and when they set sail all the birds sing, "Hear us, O God, our salvation, the hope of the ends of the earth and of those far off upon the sea."

It would take too long to narrate all the marvellous things which, according to the legend, St. Brandan heard and saw. But I am tempted to give you the tale of how he met with Judas Iscariot.

They had sailed north and been horribly terrified by a mountain throwing up flames to heaven, whereupon they sailed southward for seven days. "But after these Father Brandan saw, as it were, a very thick cloud, and when they had approached, there appeared to them a shape of a man sitting upon a rock, and a cloth in front of him of the size of a bag hanging between two iron forceps, and it was tossed by the waves as a little skiff when it is struck by a whirlwind. When the brethren saw this, some thought it was a bird, and others thought it was a vessel, and the man of God said, 'Leave off this contention, brethren, and steer the ship to that place.' But when the man of God had approached thither they stood as if stupefied. For they found sitting on the rock a man shaggy and deformed,

and on every side, when the waves flowed upon him, they beat him to his head ; but when they receded, then appeared the bare rock on which sat the unhappy man. And the cloth which hung before him was sometimes moved by the wind and beat him on the eyes and forehead. And the blessed man asking him what he was, and for what fault he had been sent there, and how he had deserved to suffer such punishment, he said, ‘ I am that most unhappy Judas—that basest traitor. And not from any desert do I have this place, but from the unspeakable mercy of Jesus Christ. I never expect place for repentance. But by the indulgence and pity of the Redeemer of the world, and for the honor of His holy resurrection, I have this cooling. For it is Sunday, and when I sit here I seem to myself to be in a paradise of delights, by reason of the pain of the torments which will be mine in the evening. For when I am in punishment I burn like a liquid mass of lead all day and night. In the midst of the mountain, which you see there, is Leviathan with his satellites. But I have this cooling every Sunday from evening till evening, and from the Feast of the Nativity till Theophany, and from the Theophany till Easter, and from Easter till Pentecost, and from the Purification of the Blessed Mary till her holy Assumption. But on other days I am tortured with Herod and Pilate, Annas and Caiaphas. And therefore, I adjure you by the Redeemer of the world that you will deign to pray our Lord Jesus that I may be permitted to stay here till the rising of the sun, lest the demons should torture me in your presence, and carry me away to the evil inheritance which I have purchased.’ Then said the holy man to him,

‘God’s will be done! In this night you shall not be moved by the demons till to-morrow.’ And again the man of God asked him, saying, ‘What means that cloth?’ And he said, ‘This I gave to a certain leper when I was treasurer for our Lord; but because it was not my own, I have no cooling from it, but rather pain. And the iron forks on which it hangs, I gave to the priests to hold up their pots. And the rock on which I sit, I put out of the public way into the ditch before I was a disciple of Christ.’

“But when the evening hour covered the face of the sea, behold, a multitude of demons came around them, vociferating, ‘Depart from us, Oh, Man of God! Because we cannot come near our fellow unless you depart from him. But we dare not see the face of our Prince until we bring him back his friend. Do thou give back to us our prey, and do not take him from us for this night.’ To whom the Man of God said, ‘I do not defend him. But the Lord Jesus Christ has granted him to remain here this night.’ To whom say the demons, ‘How hast thou invoked the name of the Lord over him?’ To whom the man of God said, ‘I command you, in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, that you do nothing ill to him till morning.’ And so the night being passed, in the early morning, when the man of God began his journey, lo! an infinite number of demons covered the face of the deep, uttering fearful cries, and saying, ‘Oh, Man of God, cursed be thy coming and thy going, because our Prince has this night beaten us with fiercest stripes because we did not bring before him this cursed captive.’ To whom the Man of God said, ‘This curse shall not rest upon us, but upon your-

selves, for whom ye curse, he is blessed, and whom ye bless, he is cursed.' Then said the demons, 'Double punishment will this unhappy Judas bear for these six days, because you have defended him this night.' To whom the saint replied, 'You have no power, nor has your Prince. Because power is of God.' And he said, 'I command you and your Prince, in the name of God, that you inflict upon him no other tortures than you have been heretofore accustomed.' To which they answered, 'Art thou Lord of all, that we should obey thy words?' To whom the Man of God answered, 'I am the servant of the Lord of all, and whatever I command in his name is done, and I have no ministry except of those things which he grants to me.' And so they followed him, pouring forth blasphemies until he was departed from Judas. And then the demons, having turned back, took up among them that most unhappy soul with great violence and howling."

After this demoniac experience, St. Brandan and his monks sail in various directions, meeting other adventures, coming back to the fish Jasconius and the Isle of Birds; and finally, seven years after they started, they penetrate the mist and find the Land of Promise of the Saints, over which they wander through forty days without a night, till there comes to them a youth of splendid appearance, who, kissing them and calling each by name, says, "Oh! brothers, peace be to you and to all who have followed the peace of Christ." And the youth tells them that they could not find the island before, because the Lord Christ wished to show to them his various marvels in this great ocean, and that now

they are to return home, taking with them of the fruits and gems of the land as much as the ship could hold. St. Brandan asks if this land will ever be revealed to men, and is informed that "when the Creator shall have subjected all nations to himself, then this land will be declared to his elect."

And so St. Brandan returns home and tells to his monks all the wonders he has seen, and thereafter ends his days in peace.

Washington Irving, in his life of Columbus, gives a chapter of his appendix to the story of St. Brandan's Isle, but he does not seem to have seen the legend itself. He says that he had heard that there had been a Latin manuscript of it in the archives of the cathedral in the Grand Canary Island, but it had disappeared. He speaks of St. Brandan as a Scotch abbot instead of an Irish abbot (in the early centuries the Irish were called Scots, but not properly in the nineteenth), and he seems to have seen only that legend which is found in the life of St. Maclovius.

I have not been able to find the authority to which Irving refers, and from which he quotes some stories, none of which are found in the Legend of St. Brandan itself. But I found a summary of it in that curious work of Philoponus called "*Nova Typis Transacta Navigatio Novi Orbis Indiae Occidentalis*," taken, as Philoponus says, from a saint's chronicle of Sigebert de Gembloux, who wrote in the twelfth century. According to this story Maclovius, animated by the example of St. Brandan, "who was the first discoverer of that navigation," induced him to sail on another voyage. So the two set off with 180 men and sufficient

ships, and are driven before the winds till they finally reach the Canary Islands, and there, after seven years, Christ appears to them and offers himself as pilot, and brings them very quickly to an island called Aron, where the story leaves them. This legend is full of marvels like the other. The great fish appears again, not as a supposed island, but as a fish, who comes to them for the sole purpose of furnishing to the monks the opportunity of saying mass upon his back, a story which Philoponus argues is perfectly credible, and of which he gives a picture. And at the end of his summary, Philoponus adds, "This island, *some think*, is that which geographers and hydrographers call the Island of St. Brandan, situated in the Northern Ocean of the region of the land of Cortereal, or of New France of North America."

It seems to me to give a striking idea of the simple-mindedness of those early days, that so manifest a work of fiction as this legend of St. Brandan should ever have found foothold in the world of fact, of history and science.

But, as you have seen, the Isle of St. Brandan upon this map of Hereford, and not upon this map alone, has as well defined an existence as the island of Ireland from which the saint was said to have sailed. And even this fancy of Judas's punishment seems to have been at one time accepted as a fact. For on the map of the world by Andrea Bianco, one of the celebrated Italian cosmographers, which was made 136 years later, he depicted the figure of the unhappy Judas, whose place of punishment, however, he had transposed to the extreme south of Africa, whose torrid heat, as he supposed, made it the most probable situation of the Isle of Hell.

You see from this brief abstract of the legend that, so far from these "Irish priests" having made their voyage "to preach the Gospel," St Brandan and his companions never find any one to preach it to at all, unless it is the devils who tormented Judas; and they were not "heathen devils," but were perfectly informed in relation to the facts of Christ's life and resurrection. Wherever the voyagers go they find monasteries, monks and miracles. The living persons that they meet are not barbarians, but all of them as good Christians as St. Brandan himself; and even the birds are perfectly familiar with the Psalms of David and the festivals of the Church.

And as for basing upon this legend any idea of an earlier discovery of this continent, it seems to me that any one who thinks, because it is said that they found in the Land of Promise of the Saints a river "running from the west to the eastern shore" (and this *is absolutely the only geographical feature mentioned*), that Land of Promise of the Saints is to be identified with this Western Continent even in its best estate, deserves to be ranked, as a logician, with honest Fluellen, whose argument was the same. "If you look," says Fluellen, "in the maps of the world, I warrant you shall find in the comparisons between Macedon and Monmouth, that the situations, look you, is both alike. There is a river in Macedon, and there is also a river in Monmouth. It is called Wye at Monmouth, but it is out of my prains what is the name of the other river. But 'tis all one. 'Tis so like as my fingers is to my fingers. And there is salmons in both."

The fact is, as it seems to me, that the legend of St.

Brandan is a very good sample of monkish fiction pure and simple—an *imaginary voyage*, to be ranked with Robinson Crusoe and Gulliver's Travels and Peter Wilkins; a kind of production interesting, and much more misleading in the days when the human race had not advanced far upon that long and weary journey to accurate geographical knowledge. A still earlier example of it was "The Veracious History" of the shrewd Greek Lucian, who told how he sailed westward over the Atlantic *until he reached the moon*. But Lucian wrote this preface to his story :

"Many men have presented us with their own travels and peregrinations, wherein they tell us of wondrous large beasts, savage men, and unheard-of ways of living. The great leader and master of all this rhodomontade is Homer's Ulysses, who tells to Alcinous about the winds pent up in bags, minotaurs and one-eyed cyclops, wild men creatures with many heads, several of his companions turned into wild beasts by enchantment, and a thousand things of this kind which he related to the ignorant and credulous Phænacians.

' That I may not be the only man who does not indulge in the liberty of fiction, as I could not relate anything true, for I know nothing at present worthy to be recorded, I turned my thoughts toward falsehood—a species of it, however, much more excusable than that of others, as I shall at least say one thing true, when I tell you that I lie, and shall hope to escape the general censure by acknowledging that I mean to speak not a word of truth throughout.

" Know, therefore, that I am going to write about what I never saw myself nor experienced, nor so much

as heard from anybody else, and, what is more, of such things as neither are, nor can be. I give my readers warning, therefore, not to believe me."

The author of the Legend of St. Brandan prefixed no such statement. If he had done so, perhaps the legend would never have solidified enough in the belief of men to have crossed the line between mere fiction and credited fact. As it was, it became one of the elements which possibly assisted in leading the imagination of Columbus across the unknown wastes of the Atlantic. As such let its credit and its value to science be recognized. Beyond that it can never go, until the tide of time turns back and a new reign of ignorance and credulity shall extend over the minds of men.

I cannot bring this lecture to a close, Gentlemen of the American Geographical Society, without acknowledging my indebtedness to your President. It was his annual address of thirteen years ago which first directed my attention to the interesting historical field of cartography. Since then the brief excursions in that field which I have been enabled to make have given to me a continued interest and pleasure; and if what I have said to-night has been of interest or has given pleasure to any in this audience, your President is entitled to share with me in the pleasure of having given pleasure.

May he long remain with you, to give to this Society, in the important work to which it is dedicated, the benefit of his labor, his experience, and his learning.

[A few weeks after the delivery of the above lecture, Gen. Daniel Butterfield delivered a lecture upon the Legend of St. Brandan before the Gaelic Society of

New York City, taking the opposite view and apparently thinking that there was ground for supposing that the legend had a historical value in the annals of discovery and that it was possible that St. Brandan did in fact reach this Continent. I find no reason, however, to change the view which I have above expressed. The latest work on the subject that I have seen is the paper read in 1889 before the Eighth International Congress of Orientalists, held at Stockholm, by M. J. De Goeje, whose special object was to show that the legend showed manifest traces of the influence of the East. The principal argument is drawn from the similarity of the story of Jasconius, the fish mistaken for an island, with a story in the first voyage of Sinbad the Sailor, in the *Thousand and One Nights*, a similarity so striking as to have been frequently remarked and to have raised the question whether the story was drawn from the East by the author of the Legend of St. Brandan, or from the West by the author of Sinbad the Sailor.* M. De Goeje points out other resemblances between the legend and Sinbad's stories. He suggests that the first syllable of Sinbad sounds like Saint, and the second has some resemblance to Brandan, and he supposes that some Irish sailor, hearing in the East the story of Sinbad, and being misled by the similarity of the names, may have transferred his story to St. Brandan. "This hypothesis," says M. De Goeje, "has the merit not only of explaining the striking relations which exist between the voyages of Sinbad

* I venture to suggest that wherever the story had its origin it may have originated in an effort to explain the submergence of some small island in the sea by earthquake or distant volcanic action not as yet in those early days comprehended.

and those of St. Brandan, but also enabling us to understand, at least in part, how they came to make of the Saint a great navigator."

M. De Goeje appears to have examined most of the authorities which bear upon the legend, but the idea that St. Brandan actually sailed to this Continent of America is not even mentioned by him.]

[Of the many authorities on the subject of the Legend of St. Brandan I have examined the following:

1. Jubinal (A.). *La Légende Latine de S. Brandaines*. Paris, 1836.
2. Michel (P.). See *Voyages, etc., de St. Brandan*.
3. Wright (Thomas). *St. Brandan* (Percy Soc., Vol. XIV.).
4. De Goeje (M. J.). *La Légende de Saint Brandan* (Actes Du Huitième Congrès International Des Orientalistes. 1889).
5. Gaffarel (Paul). *Voyages de S. Brandan, etc.* (Soc. de Géogr. de Rochefort, July, 1880, Vol. II., p. 29).
6. Viera y Clavijo. *Noticias de la Historia General de las Islas de Canaria* (Madrid, 1672, Vol. I., p. 78).
7. *Acta Sanctorum*, Vol. XIV., p. 599.
8. Reclus. *Nouvelle Géographie Universelle*, Vol. XII., p. 87.
9. Humboldt. *Examen Critique, etc.*, Vol. II., p. 163.
10. Winsor (J.). *Hist. of America*, Vol. I., pp. 32, 48.
11. Stevens. *Dict. of Nat. Biog.* (verb, Brendan.) The article in this work refers to the Irish MS. Book of Lissmore, and to a German work by Schröder, entitled *Saint Brandan*, neither of which I have seen.—R. D. BENEDICT.]